

A New Thanksgiving.

IN COUNTING all the precious moments for which the grateful feast is spread,

O let us not forget that chief Among our treasures are our dead!

Let us give thanks that they have lived, And on our lives such radiance poured, That with the sunshine of the past Our later, loneliest years are stored.

And that removed from longer share, In these brief festivals of earth, We feel their living presence still, The angels of our home and hearth.

A light surpassing sun or star, A breath more sweet than bursting flowers, The ministry of souls beloved, Gone hence, and yet forever ours.

O Father! let our dearest thanks Be for the feast immortal said, That death has set Heaven's lamps aflame, And Thou art nearer through our dead. —Frances L. Mace, in Christian Work.

THANKSGIVING DINNER.

IT WAS Juliet's idea. Most of the ideas were Juliet's.

"You see we are under so many obligations, Romeo."

called him Romeo, in her hours of ease. His name was John.

"There's the Dorchesters and the Bennington-Millers and Basil and Leonora and the E. Gerard-Keenes—we're under obligations to all of them."

Juliet was not strong in her English grammar, but in everything else.

"You follow me, Romeo?"

"Yes, to the death—certainly, my dear," he answered her. Where would he not follow her? He shifted his position now to get her in a stronger light. Strong lights were becoming to Juliet. He mused over her pretty charms and thought idly what a fortunate fellow he was.

"It's awful to feel under so many obligations, Romeo! You feel like that man—who was it, in the geography?—who carried the world around on his back? You remember him, Romeo?"

"Yes, he was an old schoolmate of mine," he said, humorously. Juliet laughed.

"Well, then you know how I feel, going round with the Dorchesters and the Bennington-Millers and all the rest on my poor little back. I think I've found a way to get them off, Romeo."

"Yes?"—absently.

"Yes. Now, stop wool-gathering and listen. I'm going to invite them all to Thanksgiving dinner."

"By-the-holy-Moses, you are!"

He was on his feet before he was; gazing down into her calm little face in amazement.

"I am," Juliet said, serenely.

He continued gazing. Was Juliet going mad? There had been—wait!—yes, there had been a Wheeler, a generation or two back, who was mentally aberrated. Juliet was a Wheeler on her mother's side; therefore Juliet was going mad. He groaned audibly.

"Keep calm, dear; don't allow yourself to be agitated," he said.

"Romeo—John"—that was another phase of her name for him—"Romeo—John, sit down here beside me and be calm yourself. I'm calm enough. I'll recapitulate. What I said was that I'm going to invite all those people we're under obligations to to Thanksgiving dinner with us. That will settle the obligations—I suppose you see that, Romeo? Men can't see through a looking-glass! Have you taken that in? Well, to-day is the 17th. I shall send the invitations at once. I've only just found out I could—safely, you know."

He didn't know. He seemed to know so few things. Among the few, several facts arrayed themselves flauntingly in his consciousness. He knew that their income—Juliet's and his—was pathetically meager; that it was against their maxims to run in debt; that their dining-room was ten by thirteen. The latter fact appeared indomitable. He waved his hand toward the neat little dining-table before them with an eloquent gesture. Juliet understood his gesture perfectly.

"It's a wee bit dining-room, isn't it, Romeo? The wee-bit bit! And there are—let's count—two Dorchesters, three Bennington-Millers—that's five. Take your other hand, Romeo—spread out the fingers—Basil and Leonora—"

"They're one," he muttered, docking them off on his thumb. Why not? He and Juliet were one.

"Two," counted Juliet, impressively, "and five E. Gerard-Keenes, counting the children. Now, how many's that?"

Romeo—John was regarding his wide-spread fingers with disfavor. There were not enough.

"Twelve!—That's 12, Romeo. Then there's mother, John—of course we must have mother, John—and the girls. That's 15—and you and I!"

"Sixteen," he groaned. "My dear, the dining-room is ten by thirteen. There are three extra leaves to the table, and—"

But he got no further. Juliet transferred herself lightly to his knee and covered his bearded lips with both little white hands.

"Poor boy!" she cooed. "He shall

not be tormented any longer, so he shan't! All he shall do is collect his wits and wait. Somebody's going to enlighten him."

It was a sunny little room and Juliet's fair hair was golden in one of the beams of light.

"I'm going to invite them all, but they're none of them coming. Don't you see, you boy? It's easy as rolling off a log! That's why I'm going to do it. I've thought it all over, and it's the best way to pay off our obligations. It's the most economical way, and we have to be so economical, Romeo!"

He gasped spasmodically. What code of morals was this? Invite them all to a Thanksgiving dinner because she knew they wouldn't come! The gentle voice ran on:

"Of course, Basil and Leonora will come—I'm sure I hope so—and mother—John and the girls—and you and I, Romeo! That will make just a cozy number of us, and just a fit for the ten by thirteen!"

He laughed, too, because Juliet did. He had to—it was contagious. But he was still floundering helplessly in the tangled web of Juliet's code of honor. The small, sweet woman read his mind with perfect ease.

"I know it, Romeo. Do you think I don't? I know it's a—heathen creed," she said. "But you don't know how I've agonized over all those obligations—you can't think, dear boy! I'm sure I've lost flesh, and they've got to be canceled—and we can't afford to do it. There it is in a nutshell, Romeo. If the Dorchesters only hadn't sent us such fine wedding presents, and we had only declined to go to the Bennington-Millers' big 'lunch,' and the E. Gerard-Keenes' ball!"

She broke off and covered his brown face with kisses. "I don't care, I'm going to settle things and begin over new!" she cried, recklessly. "I'm going to take things into my own hands and be a heathen! It's no use, dear boy; you needn't look so moral. I'm going to do it. I'm not going to pay up those debts with your hard-earned,

sweat-o'-the-brow money. This way won't cost a cent!"

"But the risks, my dear—the risks," put in Romeo—John, solemnly. "If the good people all accept—"

"The good people all won't. I've ascertained that, of course. The Bennington-Millers are going out of town for Thanksgiving. The Dorchesters are going to have a big family dinner at home, with all the 'folks' there, you know. Mrs. Dorchester's cook told her washerwoman and her washerwoman is my washerwoman. I suppose you can follow that clew? Then—oh, yes, little Katherine Keene told somebody yesterday, or the day before, that the boy twin—there are twins, you know—was sick, and they were going to take him into the country for the quiet. She said they were going at once. I shall have just time to get in my invitation. You see there are no risks, Romeo."

"No-o," he murmured, still unconvinced.

"Well, I'll take all of them there are!" Juliet cried, gayly.

She had whipped a little tablet and pencil out of her pocket and was jotting something down hurriedly.

"Turkey—eight or nine pounds—one good-sized chicken (one will make a pie, if you stretch him)—bunch of celery—"

She went on writing down items, in her neat, slanting, little letters. Romeo—John looked over her shoulder admiringly. They were the same dainty characters that had filled in close ranks across his love-letters from Juliet, only they had spelled different words then.

What sweet words they spelled!

"It's best to order the things in good season, you know, Romeo," she said.

"Last year at home we had to put up with second choice, because we waited too long. So you'd better step into Pilcher's, going down, and give him the list—see?"

"The obligation-invitations, as Juliet mentally dubbed them, were duly written and dispatched. She drew a sigh of relief over the last one.

"The Lord forgive me if it's wrong!" she thought. "I don't think I take naturally to s'ining, but I had to do something and I couldn't get up lunches and things that they would come to without asking for money—and don't know how hard the money comes just now to my Romeo? Don't I? The dear boy is trying to hide it, but I'm not nearsighted!"

"Romeo—John forgot to 'run in' to Pilcher's, going down. He usually forgot. It is the way of men, and has been since the beginning.

On the way home, at night, Romeo—John "ran in." He produced Juliet's little list promptly.

"I want to—er—order a turkey and the fixings for Thanksgiving. It is a little early, little early, but it's never too early to—er—mend," he said with lame humor. "It's always wise to be the first worm to—er—catch the early bird!"

"Sure," chuckled the marketman, with ready appreciation. "But you're too late—your wife's caught it!"

"Eh? What's that?"

"The early bird, you know—your wife was in an hour ago and caught it. A fine one—12 pounder."

"A 12—you don't say! I was under the—er—impression that she wanted an eight-pound turkey. That was my impression."

He consulted the little memorandum with a puzzled face. "Eight or nine pounds"—it was there plain enough, in Juliet's slender chirography. The marketman rubbed his hands together and explained:

"Likely she's changed her mind since mornin'—I knew a woman once who did! She said something about havin' ten folks to set down to him an' she thought he'd better be fairly sizeable. I promised her a 12-pounder, sure. When you come in season you're usually able to take your pick."

"A 12-pounder—ten folks to set down to him—by the holy Moses, what does that mean, now?" soliloquized Romeo—John, as he jolted home in the six o'clock car. He counted on his fingers covertly, under cover of his newspaper. Basil and Leonora—mother, John and the girls—and themselves. You couldn't make ten out of that any way you reckoned it—no, sir! You'd have to add on three.

"M—m!" he said aloud, in sudden enlightenment. Juliet need not have told him. She met him at the door with a queer little smile.

"You see, Romeo—"

"I see, my dear."

They looked at each other for the space of a moment, without further speech.

"It came in the last mail; the postman brought it. You see, I sent the



"SHE WANTED AN EIGHT-POUND TURKEY."

invitation direct to the house. It's a case of the 'best-laid plans,' Romeo."

"Yes, my dear, certainly."

"They're all three coming. She said she was delighted to change their plans so that they could take advantage of my cordial invitation."

"The dickens she did!" he groaned. Juliet fumbled with a button of his coat, meekly.

"I've been downtown and spoken for a bigger turkey, and—and—I told Mr. Pilcher to save us a pair of small chickens. I specified small. You can make two small chickens go a good way in a pie, Romeo."

"Way round the table, can you?" queried he, gravely.

They went into the dining-room and made elaborate plans, and Juliet counted her best napkins. After all, it was all right, they decided, with a fine attempt at cheerfulness.

The next day Romeo—John, on his homeward way, caught a glimpse of a small woman that looked unmistakably like Juliet. She was hurrying out of Mr. Pilcher's market, and he thought she glanced over her shoulder guiltily. He tried to catch her car, but failed. Probably it wasn't Juliet, after all—what would Juliet be doing down at Pilcher's again? Umph! there were other small women in the world. But Romeo—John knew there was but one Juliet. He was unsurprised when she met him at the door and confessed.

"I saw you, my dear. Then I hurried like everything—Romeo."

"Well?"

But she need not have told him.

"I—I ordered one that would weigh 15 pounds. And, Romeo—"

"Eh?"

"I specified two good-sized chickens, you know."

"I know."

"The postman brought it. She said they had been planning to have the entire Dorchester family there to dinner, but they were very glad to put it off till Christmas. She said it would give them great pleasure to come."

"M-m-m," muttered Romeo—John, indistinctly.

"Come into the dining-room, Romeo, quick. I want to try turning the table slanting-wise. It makes a good deal more room you know. Oh, and I forgot to tell you that Basil and Leonora aren't coming. They can't, anyway."

"The tables are already turned, my dear," Romeo—John said, solemnly. There was only one thing more left

to happen. It happened. It was a few days before Thanksgiving. Juliet took a downtown car and appeared in Romeo—John's little office in mid-morning. She was greatly agitated.

"Oh, Romeo—John!"

"Yes, dear; save your breath—you'll need it," he said, soothingly. "It came this morning. The postman brought—"

"No, a boy. I've got it in my pocket."

They read the little perfumed note together in silence. Then Juliet read it again, aloud. Her voice sounded frightened.

"My dear Mrs. —m, m—, I write at this late date to accept your kind invitation to Thanksgiving dinner. I am sure you will excuse the tardiness and rejoice with me when I tell you it is my little Reginald's unlooked-for improvement in health that makes my acceptance possible now. The children are all greatly delighted at the prospect."

"Skip it, skip it—that's piling it on, my dear," groaned Romeo—John. Juliet smiled weakly.

"After all, it's a relief, Romeo—just to know there can't anybody else accept," she murmured.

"The dining-room is ten by thirteen," he said, relentlessly.

"Oh, I know it! I know it!"

"And the tables are already turned, my dear."

But in the end he comforted her. What else could he do? He got her down on his knee and swung her about tenderly in his swivel chair. She essayed a subdued little smile by and by.

"And we'll call in at Mr. Pilcher's on the way home, Romeo?"

"We will that, my dear."

"And order a—20-pound one, Romeo? Children are so hearty, you know."

"Twenty-two pounds, dear. There's one hanging up there this minute."

"And—and—Romeo—"

"And, Juliet?"

"Th-three chickens?"

"Four."

He was bent on making the comfort complete. He laughed with loud cheerfulness and made a good many inferior little jokes to see her laugh. But the dining-room haunted them both mercilessly. It was ten by thirteen—ten by thirteen—ten by thirteen.

"I have it!" Romeo—John exclaimed suddenly, with a sigh of relief. "We'll have two tables of it, dear. I'm sure I'll sit at the second table—"

"Romeo—John!"

"Well, I don't see what else we can do," he muttered, diminished.

"I do—I've just thought. Oh, Romeo, it's an inspiration!" she cried.

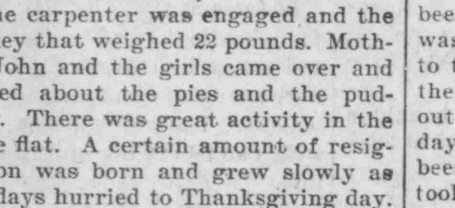
"Stop going round quick and listen! Don't you know how we've said we wished there were doable doors between the dining-room and parlor—don't you know it, Romeo—John? Well, that's it. That's the inspiration. We'll have a carpenter come right away and cut it. We can run the table through; don't you see we can? Then I'll hire a slim, up-and-down girl to wait on us. Mrs. Dooley's got one just the right size. It's so lucky I haven't engaged Ann Mary Flint yet—she's so hither-and-yon!"

"She could crawl under," murmured Romeo—John, absently.

The carpenter was engaged and the turkey that weighed 22 pounds. Mother, John and the girls came over and helped about the pies and the pudding. There was great activity in the little flat. A certain amount of resignation was born and grew slowly as the days hurried to Thanksgiving day. After all, there were obligations. They would be discharged, anyway. And it would teach them a lesson in morals.

"And I won't let it be an expensive one to Romeo, either," Juliet thought, setting her little white teeth together with a click. "I've decided that fur cloaks won't be in style this winter!" —Annie Hamilton Donnell, in Country Gentleman.

DAY AFTER THANKSGIVING.



"Well, Tommy," asked the minister, "did you have a good time yesterday?"

"Not very," replied the youngster; "I wasn't half as sick as I was last year." —Chicago Daily News.

To Be Sympathized With.

"Ha, ha!" said the jovial man. "I suppose you are going to eat all the Thanksgiving dinner you want to-morrow?"

"My dear sir," replied the physician, wearily, "you forget my profession. Day after to-morrow will be my busy day, and I've got to keep in form." —Washington Star.

Without Any Trouble.

"I told you, didn't I, that I had ordered a Thanksgiving turkey that was almost too big to lift?"

"Yes."

"Well, my wife left it out on the back porch for a few moments and some measly tramp came along and lifted it without any trouble." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

DESIGNS FOR MONUMENT.

Three Best Plans for Memorial to Maine Victims Selected from Which to Make Final Choice.

Gen. James Grant Wilson, chairman of the committee on site and design of the monument to the sailors who perished in the Maine disaster and the soldiers who died in the Spanish-American war, announced that the committee, after examining 43 sub-committee designs, have selected as the best three in the first competition those of the following:

Austin Hays, sculptor, associated with Donn Barber, architect; O. Picchilli, sculptor, associated with H. Van Buren Magonigle, architect, and George Julian Zolbay, sculptor, associated with Joseph Henry Freedlander, architect.

The fund for this monument to the men of the Maine, which amounts to about \$100,000 cash in hand, was raised by the New York Journal. Since the completion of the fund the sculptors of the country have been engaged in preparing the models for this competition. The monument is to be erected in New York city. The three designs selected will be worked out in greater detail by the successful competitors, and then the winning design will be selected.

END OF A LAVISH SPENDER.

A Pittsburgh Millionaire Dies in the Alcoholic Ward of a Hospital.

William D. Holmes, a Pittsburgh millionaire and a companion of Harry Thaw, who gave the \$50,000 dinner in Paris to the beauties of the French capital, is dead in the alcoholic ward at Bellevue hospital, New York. He was taken there the other day from the Hoffman house, where he had dropped unconscious while sitting in a chair in the lobby of the hotel. William D. Holmes was a son of the late N. Holmes, of the firm of N. Holmes & Sons, bankers, of Pittsburgh, who are rated to be worth millions. Holmes inherited several millions 15 years ago. Luckily for him part of it was in trust. The money he received has been squandered. He long held a reputation in New York for spending with a lavish hand.

MAKE SMOKELESS POWDER.

Found That the Government Can Produce a Better and Cheaper Grade.

The navy department has learned through the ordnance bureau that the smokeless powder which is being turned out at the torpedo station under direction of Commander N. E. Mason can be made not only cheaper, but of a better quality than that which private companies furnish.

The department, therefore, has given orders to have double the present output of smokeless powder manufactured at the station. Orders have been issued for the purchase of a duplicate set of machinery now in use there, which will mean additional buildings as well.

Wasps Drive Bees from Home.

A singular battle was witnessed recently in an English apiary. A hive of bees was besieged by a large swarm of wasps. The bees made valiant sorties to try to drive away its besiegers, and the wasps made furious assaults to drive out the bees. The battle raged for two days, at the end of which time the bees evacuated the hive and the wasps took possession.

Might Have Waited.

The Tennessee woman who killed her son because he smoked cigarettes, says the Detroit News, could have saved much trouble by allowing the habit to take its course.

THE MARKETS.

Cincinnati, Nov. 24.

CATTLE—Common . . . \$2 25 @ 3 15
Extra butchers . . . 4 50 @ 4 65
CALVES—Extra . . . 6 50
HOGS—Choice packers 4 87½ @ 4 95
Mixed packers . . . 4 75 @ 4 85
SHEEP—Extra . . . 3 35 @ 3 50
LAMBS—Extra . . . 4 50 @ 4 65
FLOUR—Spring pat. . . 3 90 @ 4 30
WHEAT—No. 2 red . . . 70½ @ 71½
CORN—No. 2 mixed . . . 37½ @ 38½
OATS—No. 2 mixed . . . 23½ @ 24½
RYE—No. 2 . . . 52½ @ 53½
HAY—Best timothy . . . @ 14 25
PORK—Family . . . @ 12 75
LARD—Steam . . . @ 7 00
BUTTER—Ch. dairy . . . @ 15
Choice creamery . . . @ 28
APPLES—Ch. to fancy 2 25 @ 2 75
POTATOES—Per brl. 1 40 @ 1 50
TOBACCO—New . . . 5 25 @ 6 00
Old . . . 12 00 @ 13 75

Chicago.

FLOUR—Win. patent. 3 70 @ 3 90
WHEAT—No. 2 red . . . 72 @ 74
No. 3 spring . . . 66½ @ 72
CORN—No. 2 . . . 43 @ 44½
OATS—No. 2 . . . 22½ @ 23½
RYE . . . 45
PORK—Mess . . . 10 87½ @ 11 00
LARD—Steam . . . 7 15 @ 7 17½

New York.

FLOUR—Win. patent. 3 60 @ 3 90
WHEAT—No. 2 red . . . @ 78½
CORN—No. 2 mixed . . . @ 46
OATS—No. 2 mixed . . . @ 26½
RYE . . . @ 55
PORK—Family . . . 15 50 @ 16 00
LARD—Steam . . . @ 7 65

Baltimore.

WHEAT—No. 2 red . . . 71½ @ 71½
Southern . . . 68 @ 72
CORN—No. 2 mixed . . . 43 @ 43½
OATS—No. 2 mixed . . . 25½ @ 26
CATTLE—Butchers . . . 5 00 @ 5 25
HOGS—Western . . . 5 30 @ 5 40

Louisville.

FLOUR—Win. patent. 4 25 @ 4 70
WHEAT—No. 2 red . . . @ 75
CORN—Mixed . . . @ 42½
OATS—Mixed . . . @ 25
PORK—Mess . . . @ 12 00
LARD—Steam . . . @ 7 00

Indianapolis.

WHEAT—No. 2 red . . . @ 72½
CORN—No. 2 mixed . . . @ 36
OATS—No. 2 mixed . . . @ 23½

CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RY.

TIME TABLE.
IN EFFECT JULY 15, 1898.

EAST BOUND.
Lv. Louisville . . . 9 20am 6 00pm
Ar. Lexington . . . 11 30am 8 40pm
Lv. Lexington . . . 11 20am 8 40pm 12am 5 50pm
Lv. Winchester . . . 11 57am 9 18pm 8 50am 8 30pm
Ar. Mt. Sterling . . . 12 25pm 9 45pm 9 25am 7 50pm
Ar. Washington . . . 6 50am 2 40pm
Ar. Philadelphia . . . 10 15am 7 00pm
Ar. New York . . . 12 40am 9 00pm

WEST BOUND.
Ar. Winchester . . . 7 57am 4 38pm 6 20am 2 40pm
Ar. Lexington . . . 8 12am 5 10pm 7 05am 3 30pm
Ar. Frankfort . . . 9 08am 6 14pm
Ar. Shelbyville . . . 10 01am 7 00pm
Ar. Louisville . . . 11 00am 8 00pm

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